

he war for the foreign policy of their peoples, if they did not intentionally let loose the war in July and August, 1914, hid from far back prepare, hope, and long for war." And the Crown Prince calls his book "I Seek the Truth"!

Again, in the current discussions about the proposed Security Pact Germany's statesmen intimate from time to time that she hopes that her skirts may be cleared of guilt. One despatch from Berlin states that "an official communiqué says in effect that Germany must be absolved of the moral guilt of the war." Another says that in entering the League of Nations "no recognition of war guilt must be demanded of the Reich."

The indictment against Germany was drawn up at Versailles, and there also she accepted the indictment.

It is not proposed here to argue the already argued and decided question of Germany's war guilt. But it is apropos of these new protestations of Germany's amblyke innocence among a world of rogues to call attention to the clear-headed view of that issue taken as early as September, 1914, by Walter H. Page, then our Ambassador in England, and just made public in the new series of letters by Ambassador Page now appearing in the "World's Work." Particularly pungent is his phrase: "The 'cult of valor'—a sort of religion of military force—captured Prussia, scholars and all." Even more precisely to the point is the positive statement in a letter to President Wilson (September 22, 1914):

The more fully the whole recent diplomatic story of the war and of the events that preceded it comes out, the clearer it becomes here that the German military party had deliberately planned the practical conquest of the world; that it had won the German people (or a large part of them) to believe in this as a necessity; and that the military party firmly believed that they could do it; and that, believing in this programme as a necessity, they came to believe that any method whereby they could do this justified itself. The military people gave the whole people an extraordinary case of big-head. I find the evidence of these extraordinary facts incontrovertible.

If President Wilson had accepted the conclusion thus drawn by his observer near the scene of war and had borne it in mind when German arrogance began to attack American commerce, American vessels, and American lives, we might

have had fewer diplomatic notes and also fewer months of war.

Not Even the Traffic Problem

THERE is nothing new under the sun. Not even the traffic problem is to be excepted. This is made clear enough from a little moldy volume which has just come to light in London, and, after three hundred years, has been reissued to "a discerning public."

In 1636, when Master Henry Peacham wrote this book, entitled "A Pleasant Dispute Between Coach and Sedan," the problem of "speeding up," everywhere obvious on street and highway, was a subject of great concern. The coaches were the defendants—shocking in their speed, they made so much noise, took up all the room on the road, and ran over the school-children. Trains of coaches waiting to take people from the theater blocked up Blackfriars to such an extent that "persons of quality" were "restrained from going out or coming home in seasonable time."

One extract is typical and revealing. A small group on the street corner has

resolved itself into an indignation meeting. It is being addressed by a carter, who takes up arms with vigor against the coach:

"They talk of the Rattle Snakes of New England, I am sure these be the Rattle Snakes of Old England. . . . It is long of them that poore prentices are raysed up (before their hours) to their worke when their Masters have been hard at it, at the Tavern over night, would (but for their rattling) be lyen till nine or ten: poore maids . . . cannot take a nap in their shops: children that goe to school or on errands in the street, goe in danger of their lives, . . . and in the streets about the suburbs and places unpaved, you so beedash Gentlemen's Cloakes . . . that let a man but come from St. James to Charing Cross and meete you in his way, one would swear by his dirtie cloake, he had come post from St. Michaels's Mount in Cornwall."

The next speaker is a waterman, who seconds the carter with vigor, and insists that coaches and drivers deserve to be thrown into the Thames, and "but for the stopping up of the channel" he "would they were."

Times change and we change with them, but there is a singular similarity between the problems of every age.

Three Big Little Books

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

OF books it may be said that the "best sellers" are not always the best reading, nor the biggest volumes always the weightiest literature.

This aphorism, which probably somebody has said before, although I do not know who or where, is suggested by three small books which lie before me as I write. One of them has fifty-six pages, another forty-nine pages, and the third, which I have long considered one of the masterpieces of historical writing in the English language, and which covers a period of fifteen years constituting one of the most important epochs in the progress of mankind, accomplishes its purpose in one hundred and ninety-five pages. And yet these three little volumes, which are scarcely more than pocket books and can be carefully read and digested in three or four hours, form a veritable encyclopædia of moral, political, and military courage and right rea-

son. There is an interesting coincidence about them in that they were all originally addressed to young men—the first, chronologically speaking, to the students of Oxford by an American; the second to the students of the Scottish university of St. Andrews by a Scotchman; and the third to the students of Milton Academy, in Massachusetts, by an Englishman. Another interesting coincidence—interesting to me, at least—is that they all fell into my hands on the same day. It happened thuswise:

A couple of weeks ago Edward S. Martin, one of the best-humored and wisest of contemporary critics of American life and literature, who writes "The Easy Chair" in "Harper's Magazine" and the editorials in "Life," asked me if I had seen a book by John Buchan entitled "Two Ordeals of Democracy," and, on my answering in the negative, he advised me to get it. As his advice

is generally sound, I ordered it. On the day it arrived at my office I read half of it in a taxicab and was reminded by the sweep of its survey and its appreciation of the nobility of true leadership of James Ford Rhodes's "Oxford Lectures on the American Civil War." Determining to replace my lost or indefinitely borrowed copy of that masterwork, which made a profound impression on me upon its first appearance a dozen years ago, I stepped into a pleasant book-shop, and while making my purchase saw on the counter a copy of "Courage," by J. M. Barrie, which was that delightful playwright's inaugural address when the honorary and honorable title of Rector was conferred upon him at St. Andrews in 1922.

The mystery of truth and beauty is as inexplicable as the mystery of electricity or gravitation. One must take them with humility and gratitude without in the least understanding the sources from which they spring. Rhodes is an American business man with a university education who, having made a fortune sufficient for his needs in the iron, steel, and coal industry, retired from business at about forty years of age and devoted himself thereafter to the study and writing of American history. His monumental work on the United States is well known. But the labor of writing those seven volumes must have been simple, it seems to me, compared with the intensive work of his three lectures at Oxford which form the three chapters of the book that lies before me. Brevity of workmanship combined with breadth of comprehension, in which every word and every line shall tell and in which neither the brevity shall cheat nor the breadth confuse the interest of the reader, is the product of the rarest talent in the art of writing. The etcher who with the fewest lines can make his plate as colorful and as impressionistic as a great canvas is the peer of the painter who works on a vast scale. Those who heard and those who now read Rhodes's Oxford lectures will have a clear understanding of the social, economic, and political currents that swept on to civil war, will see distinctive and lifelike portraits of Douglas, Seward, Jefferson Davis, Charles Francis Adams, Robert E. Lee, General McClellan, General Grant, and Abraham Lincoln; and will have some comprehension of the principles of military strategy by which the South was able to prolong the

war and the North finally to win it. What an achievement for one hundred and ninety-five pages which have none of the dryness of a statistical text-book and all the color of a sustained narrative! Moreover, it is an interpretation of a bitter struggle that can be read by both Northerner and Southerner without bitterness.

The slender volume by Barrie is also, in a way, a war book. His theme is "Courage" and many of his allusions, mingled with the delicate personal humor which is characteristic of all his writings, are to the World War. "Courage," he says, "is the thing. All goes if courage goes. What says our glorious Johnson of courage? 'Unless a man has that virtue he has no security for preserving any other.' We should thank our Creator three times daily for courage instead of for our bread, which, if we work, is surely the one thing we have a right to claim of him." But courage is incomplete, Barrie thinks, unless accompanied by three other virtues—fairness, cheerfulness, and constancy. As to fairness:

I urge you not to use ugly names about any one. In the war it was not the fighting men who were distinguished for abuse; as has been well said, "Hell hath no fury like a non-combatant." Never ascribe to an opponent motives meaner than your own.

As to cheerfulness, he agrees with St. Francis of Assisi, who urged his followers to be joyous, laughing, and good companions, for he says:

Be not merely courageous, but light-hearted and gay.

As to constancy:

Another piece of advice; almost my last. For reasons you may guess, I must give this in a low voice. Beware of M'Connachie. . . . M'Connachie, I should explain, as I have undertaken to open the innermost doors, is the name I give to the unruly half of myself: the writing half. We are complement and supplement. I am the half that is dour and practical and canny, he is the fanciful half; . . . he prefers to fly around on one wing. I should not mind him doing that, but he drags me with him. . . . You will all have your M'Connachie luring you off the highroad. Unless you are constantly on the watch, you will find that he has slowly pushed you out of yourself and taken your place.

Of the three books that lie before me

John Buchan's is perhaps the most affecting. He is a publisher by vocation and a soldier and historian by avocation. His "Two Ordeals of Democracy" is an interpretation of the spiritual forces of our Civil War in the light of the World War, in which he was an active participant. Incidentally, it is one of the fine tributes to Abraham Lincoln that I know of. Not even John Hay nor Carl Schurz nor Lord Charnwood has surpassed it. Like Barrie's address, it is a tribute to courage, kindness, and constancy. The two ordeals which democracy successfully passed through in the person of its great representative, Abraham Lincoln, were the decision "for the sake of true liberty to wage war upon license"—Lincoln "decided for war, and I think this decision one of the most courageous acts in all history;" and then "the task of translating spirit into matter—or, to put it in the words traditionally ascribed to Cromwell, first the trust in God and then the laborious job of keeping your powder dry."

On two minor points I take exception to Colonel Buchan's interpretation. I do not think he sufficiently appreciates the littleness of McClellan nor the greatness of Grant. The latter's "Memoirs" alone would have given, I should have thought to a man of Colonel Buchan's literary judgment a higher conception of Grant's intellectual and military genius. At any rate, the standards which Colonel Buchan believes should be employed in an estimate of the great warriors and statesmen of history are disclosed in the closing lines of his book:

The day of wars may be over and our military text-books may forever gather dust on the top shelves. But the interest of war cannot cease, for with all its cruelty and futility it has a power of raising men to their highest and exhibiting human nature at its greatest. The Civil War will remain to most of us a perpetual fascination because of the moral and intellectual elevation of its leaders. It produced two men of the very first order. On the losing side stands Lee, one of the foremost of the world's soldiers. . . . As a man he had an antique grandeur of character. You remember what Bossuet said of Turenne, that he "could fight without anger, win without ambition, and triumph without vanity." That might be Lee's epitaph, and I would add to it that he could lose without bitterness. History has few nobler pictures to present than Lee in the closing days of the war, fighting a hopeless battle with gentleness and

chivalry, and lifting his broken troops to superhuman heights of achievement. I would set beside that the picture of the old man in his last years in the seclusion of a college presidency, striving by every counsel of wisdom and toleration to heal the wounds of his land.

The other great figure is Lincoln. That rugged face has become one of the two or three best known in the world. He has already passed into legend, and a figure has been constructed in men's minds, a gentle, hu-

morous, patient, sentimental figure, which scarcely does justice to the great original. What I want to impress upon you about Lincoln is his tremendous *greatness*. Alone he took decisions which have altered the course of the world. When I study his career, behind all the lovable, quaint, and often grotesque characteristics, what strikes me most is his immense and lonely sublimity. . . . He was a homely man, full of homely common sense and homely humor, but in the great moment he could rise to a gran-

deur which is forever denied to posturing, self-conscious talent. He conducted the ordinary business of life in phrases of a homespun simplicity, but when necessary he could attain to a nobility of speech and a profundity of thought which have rarely been equaled. He was a plain man, loving his fellows and happy among them, but when the crisis came he could stand alone. He could talk with crowds and keep his virtue; he could preserve the common touch and yet walk with God.

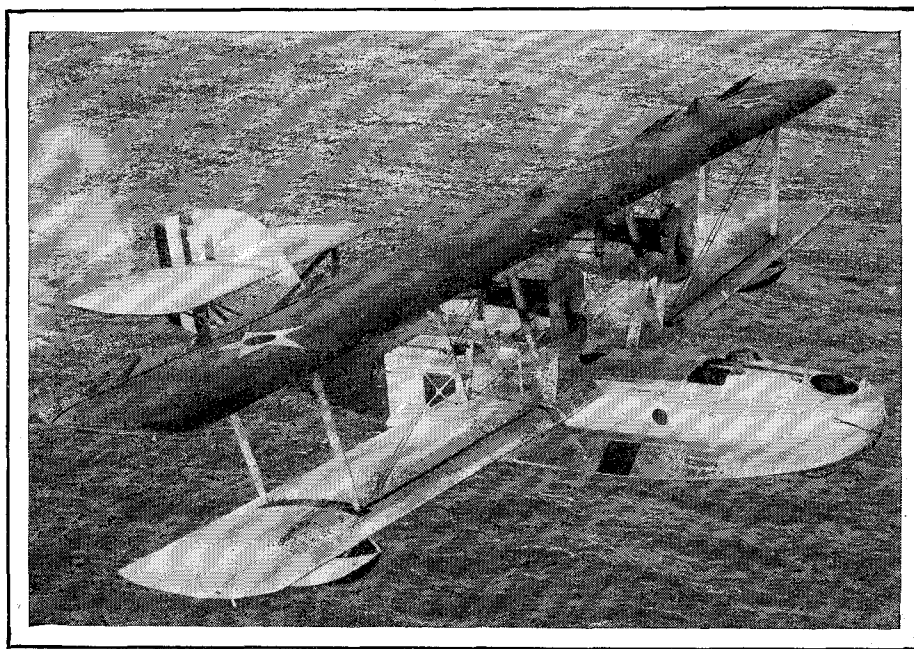
The Flight to Hawaii

Staff Correspondence by Air Mail from HUGH A. STUDDERT KENNEDY

HERE in San Francisco "the Islands," as the Hawaiian group is always termed, are not something afar off. Every hour of every day some ship is passing through the Golden Gate, outward bound to them or inward bound from them. We entertain the Islands with our radios of an evening, and are constantly meeting and talking with people who have but a few days before been riding the surf on Waikiki beach or watching the boys diving for quarters through the clear waters of Honolulu roadstead.

And so on the afternoon of August 31, when the two giant navy seaplanes (PN-9 No. 1 and PN-9 No. 3) rose from the waters of San Pablo Bay and soared through the Golden Gate on their 2,000-mile trip to Hawaii, the San Franciscans who thronged every vantage-point felt that they were but at one side of a great stadium, of which the field was the Pacific and "the other side" the Islands. The ten men cooped up in the speeding planes could have heard nothing of it above the roar of their 500-horse-power motors, but all the way from Telegraph Hill to Sutro Heights, and away across the bay from the hillsides of Marin County a great cheer went up from the tens of thousands gathered there as the two planes, headed west, were sighted across the waters.

Meanwhile, at the other side of the stadium, nearly two thousand miles away, the radio was describing every feature of the scene. Shortly before two o'clock the powerful station KPO came on the air with a radio report of the flight, opening with a description of the scene as it spread out before the eyes of a skilled reporter stationed before a microphone on the top of the Palace of the Legion of Honor, overlooking the Golden Gate. And so the stage was all



International

The PN-9 No. 1 vanished in the Pacific

set and the curtain up, and the vast far-flung audience settled down "to watch the show." For, literally, it was that. It seemed only a matter of a few minutes before the seaplanes had disappeared from sight towards a misty horizon, and as the great crowds flocked back to the city the spectators on both sides of the stadium were placed on terms of equality. They were watching by listening in.

It was an interesting experience, not least for the proof it afforded of the rapidity with which the world becomes accustomed to a new wonder and is impatient for further development. About the streets and in the hotel lounges of San Francisco, as the afternoon and evening wore on, the thing most noticeable was the impatience of everybody over the fact that news was "so slow" in coming through. Every two hundred miles from the Golden Gate to Pearl Harbor was stationed a destroyer, equipped and

ready to transmit every detail of the flight back to the coast and on to the Islands, yet the last editions of the evening papers only told of the planes three hundred miles on their journey, and it was next morning before we heard of the breakdown of the seaplane PN-9 No. 3. It was all, however, really a marvel of speed. The great audience gathered round the vast stadium of the Pacific, like the audience at every other show, was merely impatient.

Every hour of the day following the start brought its special thrill. Crowds gathered outside the newspaper offices, and every now and again radio programmes would be interrupted to broadcast the latest word. In the early part of the day all was well. The "giant conqueror of the air" was reported speeding on "in splendid shape," oil supply abundant, engines working perfectly, aided by a favorable trade wind. Then